INDIAN ENGLISH

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INDIAN ENGLISH

AND

INDIAN CHARACTER.

BY

ELLIS UNDERWOOD.

97800

Le style est l'homme même.—BUFFON.

CALCUTTA:
THACKER, SPINK AND CO.
1885.

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PREFATORY NOTE.

THIS little work is, in the main, a reprint of a series of articles contributed to the *Indian Review*. The writer wishes to express his acknowledgments to the proprietor of that Journal for his courtesy in permitting their republication.

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INDIAN ENGLISH

AND

INDIAN CHARACTER.

Le style est l'homme même.—BUFFON.

CHAPTER I.

FINE WRITING.

THE aim of the writer of this little book is to give a brief sketch of some of the chief characteristics of the Native of India, as indicated and illustrated by the style and the feelings displayed in his compositions in the English language. This is a point which has already been touched upon in the preface to a small collection of Indo-Anglian literary gems published for private circulation only; but the compiler, while emphasising its interest, has merely glanced at the topic, and has not attempted so to classify or arrange his matter as to

show categorically how his selections afford illustration of Native temperament and character. This the scope and intention of his book forbade; but, in dealing with the materials at the disposal of the present writer, it may be interesting to make an attempt in this direction. If "the apparel oft proclaims the man," much more does his style and diction.

Many, of course, of the mental or moral qualities that mark the Indian are to be found all the world over; and some of these will, no doubt, incidentally come to the surface in the course of our quotations. To take a slight instance. So wide-spread is human depravity, that the youth of all countries, down to even the stolid Chinese, might probably afford us examples of a wonderful mental confusion under the stress of examination, equal to that recently displayed by an English girl in her answer to a Scripture question on the "antecedents" of the earliest of the Patriarchs. "Abraham," she wrote, "was the father of Lot, and had two wives, Ishmale and Agur (*sic*): one he kept at home, and the other he sent away into the wilderness, where she became a pillar of salt by day, and a

pillar of fire by night (!)." The ingenuity shown in this answer may perhaps be paralleled by that of the Native youth who, at a University Examination, was required to explain the following distich from Hood's "Song of the Shirt":—

Oh God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

He paraphrased the passage thus:—"God! that we see here that murder is easily done, men do not hesitate to murder one beast when their same purpose can be fulfilled by the vegetable products of Nature." It is curious to observe here how ingeniously the Hindu abhorrence of killing the larger animals for food has twisted Hood's verses into an indignant advocacy of vegetarianism. Equally naive and almost equally ingenious was the answer given not long since by a Native school-boy, who, being asked to explain the phrase "a finished gentleman," wrote—"a gentleman who is dead." In the eyes of the examinee, our "gentleman" was, in fact, more than polished—he was "polished off!" As instances of boldness under difficulties, we may quote the example of the student who described Galatia as "a place of *glass* manufac-

ture," or of that other who thought, somewhat buoyantly, that "Bob Logic" (the "Oxonian" in that once popular tale, *Life in London*) might be fitly interpreted as "false logic." The explanation of "triremè" as "three-fold Government," and the suggestion hazarded by one examinee that the feminine of "duke" was "drake" indicate a like spirit of intellectual enterprise.*

To return, however, to our immediate topic. The first characteristic to be noticed as especially marking Native composition in English, is one which we should naturally expect to find in the language of Orientals, *viz.*, a fondness for "tall" writing, a delight in "six-foot" words and would-be grand expressions. Their literary patron saint is Dr. Johnson. Modern English writers of the better class have, under the ægis of a Freeman and a Tennyson, emancipated themselves from the thraldom of a style which was regarded by many, in the dictatorship of the dogmatic lexico-

* Another adventurous youth once sent in an answer to a similar grammatical question, in which he gave vent to his conviction that the feminine (he had misread the gender) of "duck" was "duchess!"—an eccentricity which recalls the English school-boy's famous translation of the Latin word *bulla* by the words "a female bull!"

grapher, as the only proper book style: you might write, as Johnson himself did, a diary or a journal in simple English, but when you sat squarely down to compose a history, such as Gibbon's *Decline*, or a grave philosophical narrative, such as the master's own *Rasselas*, then you were expected to match the dignity of the subject by employing a correspondingly dignified style—*si canimus silvas, silvae sint consule dignae*. The nightmare of sesquipedalianism sat heavy upon the pens of authors of that day. But while we have now for the most part got rid of this incubus,* our Native fellow-subjects, who began to learn our language before this transition to a more masculine style took place, are still, for the most part, half a century behind the times in this respect; and old habit, joined to their natural liking for the strong and high-flavoured

* Not entirely. A writer in the *Globe* newspaper of June 15, 1880, commenting on the Channel Islands' cows, commences with the following wonderful sentence:—"If there be any one of his belongings more than another on which the Channel Islander prides himself, it is on having and holding in his *Jubilee* a breed of horned cattle world-famed for symmetry and beauty, and, so far as the milky mothers of the herds are concerned, unrivalled in lacteal capabilities (!)."

ment of Johnsonian Latinisms on which they have been nurtured, has spoiled their taste for the homely milk-diet of plain Saxon English.

Instances of this characteristic are very numerous. Thus, in place of the mean and ordinary "The doors will open," the notice outside a Calcutta Native theatre is (or was) "The portals will unfold at 9 o'clock." A Native citizen, writing to the newspaper to complain of mad dogs, calls them "the insanitary canine tribe." A Native author, again, in describing a quiet and healthy neighbourhood, gravely remarks that there was "no rattling of carriages to disturb the continuity of auricular repose, and no stench to offend the olfactory nerve." Another Hindu writer, commenting upon the depravity of the times, delivers himself thus: "But unhappily such is the degeneracy of the present age that the influence of wholesome admonition being shamefully ignored is often lost in the cataclysm of discord." The same author tells us that "Hindus are so passionately fond of their children, male or female, that they can but ill brook the idea of a segregation." We find a newspaper advertisement

of the intention of a Native graduate to establish a school, commencing thus: "Having roused myself from lethargy, I have undertaken to open a school in the Backergunge district under my superintendence, with the advice of my ambitious associates and companions."* Here, again, is part of an advertisement of a patent medicine, taken from a Native newspaper:—

The qualities of the powder have been proved to supersede those of the liquid in an extraordinary degree. It is never spoilt if not mixed with water, whereas in liquid form the spoliation of the medicine occurred at times, but the cause was quite invisible.

Take, once more, the following testimonial to character given by a friend or relative to a College student, and by him presented to the Principal—the naivety of which is delightful. We

* This specimen reminds us of a passage from a preface to a school-book by a Native M.A., which is worth quoting, as seeming to show that an Indian University education tends to foster this literary style:—"The request of several eminent teachers has placed me in the path of proceeding with these questions, hints, and answers, wherein I have taxed a fine trouble to introduce various useful matters to facilitate the study of young learners. The expected utility will afford a delightful pride to find my troubles running in the helping way."

give it (except for the omission of names) *verbatim et literatim* :—

I certified that —— in present who remains at my home I know him very well, he descended from a good family, therefore his character is such a good that I cannot express it, by any ideas. So far I can say that he is very careful and stonishing charectered man.

A—— M—— M——.

Dated, 22nd February 1876.

A Native provincial newspaper, a few years ago, in complaining that no rules of precedence were observed in assigning seats at a public ceremonial, thus strikingly expressed itself: "Rich zemindars and famous bankers were sent to a corner, while an offshoot was seen flashing in a front row!" Both these latter extracts show further the importance attributed by both Hindus and Mahomedans to good birth and position, and help to prove how genuinely and deeply conservative is Bengali feeling, in spite of superficial professions of Ilbert-Billism, and the like. The former extract illustrates this the more remarkably in that it represents *good character* as a natural and necessary consequence of *good family*. A precisely similar spirit dictated the action of a Native resident who recently peti-

tioned a District Magistrate not to nominate to the Municipal Committee certain persons named, as "they are not able to this rank: they have not so much ability nor *any hereditary*."

Those adduced above are modern examples. The letter that follows was written many years ago by a Native *major-domo* of the day to his absent master, on the occasion of an outer window having been blown down by a "North-Wester." This remarkable document has been quoted before, but so excellent an illustration of our subject will well bear reproduction here. It runs thus:—

HON'BLE SIR,—Yesterday vesper arrive great hurricane: valve of little aperture not fasten; first make great trepidation and palpitation, then precipitate into precinct. God grant master more long life and more great post.

P.S.—No tranquillity in house since valve adjourn. I send for carpenter to make reunite.

It may be noted here that, no doubt, in not a few instances, fine language is used by Natives to describe trivial matters in consequence of their unacquaintance with common colloquial English, such knowledge of the language as they possess being derived mainly, if not entirely, from books. Still, it is difficult to believe that

the writer above was led to describe the "adjournment" of the "valve" by saying that it was "precipitated into precinct," through ignorance of such a common expression as "fell into the compound." Perhaps, however, the "trepidation and palpitation" experienced by the said "valve" may be an instance in point; just as the Native carpenter, who had made a wooden weather-cock to order, represented it in his bill under the periphrastic guise of "an axle to feel the air."*

Strokes of unconscious humour not unfrequently result from this fondness for magniloquence of style, coupled, as it often is, with incongruous colloquialisms. A naive irony that is very delightful marks, for instance, the phrase we have italicised in an account given by a Native newspaper, a few years since, of a dacoity that happened in the Backergunge district. "As soon," we are told, "as the gang rushed out of

* It was a similar ignorance, though displayed in a converse fashion, that induced a Native baker at Rupar, proud alike of his English quarterns and of the smattering that he had acquired of the English tongue, to set up in large letters over his shop-door the words "European loafer" (!).

the room where they hid themselves and attacked the Deputy Magistrate and his party (consisting of a body of constables who had been sent along with him to oppose and arrest the dacoits), the Deputy Magistrate *escaped by flight to ensure personal safety.*" After this it is gratifying to learn that "his servant behaved manly and succeeded in capturing one of the gang." Again, one of the Hindu writers before mentioned, in giving an account of the forcible seizure of the daughters of three Brahmans by a Mussulman nobleman, says that "they complained to the judge of the district, but obtaining no redress, they committed suicide by poison *under the nose of the unrighteous judge"(!).* In the Calcutta of 1875, the Tramway rails nuisance, which is at the present time afflicting the minds and the carriages of her citizens, rose into temporary prominence owing to the old tram-lines of the first Company (which was a failure) being left *in situ* on the roads where they had been laid; and a Native correspondent writes to a daily paper on the subject. "The rails," he complains with equal justice and vivacity, "stand above the level, and in crossing the rails carriages are

dashed in contact, being much above the level of the road, and the horses are to undergo Hercules's labour and endanger the lives of the passengers at risk of topsy-turvy." It is melancholy to think that after nine years of the progress of civilisation the "risk of topsy-turvy" from the same cause should be more wide-spread and dangerous than ever.

The fondness for fine imagery, often derived from ancient classical sources, may be illustrated by the following wonderful advertisement published, a few years back, by a Native firm :—

OUR OWN! OUR OWN!! OUR OWN!!! BRANDY.

Re. 1-4 per bottle. Rs. 14 per dozen.

We respectfully beg to intimate to our friends, patrons, and the public in general for the recent consignment of the above celebrated brandy just arrived per *S. S. Viceroy*.

Owing to our having not of "OUR OWN" brandy in stock for a long time, we have been under the yoke of greatest discontent and criticism of the whole public at large, but to remove this with our utmost and strenuous exertions we have lately formed connections with the growers of the long expected brand called "OUR OWN" brandy. The purity of this brandy is universally admired. In order to reap the extensive patronage of this highly appreciative brandy, we have lowered it in price and have introduced it FIRSTLY—As a trial in the field of the distinguished votaries of Bacchut; and SECONDLY—For a comparison of price among the "advocates of Economy."

* * * *

With a view for further road to fame we have imported "our own" brandy, and offer it to the public with a small bargain to decide and pronounce how far it is practicate to suit the requirements of all ranks of consumers. In conclusion we state that the public will not entertain any spark of doubt and adverse idea relating to the above advertisement, or in other words the generality of mankind will not dub the undersigned as "CHANTING THE ENALOGY OF THE DECEASED MACKEREL."

R. & I. S——,
13-14, *Esplanade Lane.*

We can only hope that the "distinguished votaries of Bacchut" experienced much convivial enjoyment from the consumption of this highly "appreciative brandy" at Rs. 14 the dozen.

Another example of a similar classicism of tone, in which the "rosy god" (this time in his proper syntactical proportions) again appears, may be found in a newspaper letter complaining of the nefarious proceedings of certain *chamars* living in one of the principal streets of Calcutta. The writer thus pathetically recounts their misdeeds:—

The neighbouring gentlemen of that part hardly had time to sleep on deeply and soundly with comfort, as the *chamars* generally make rows with their abominable songs, and tom-toms, following Bacchus's course nearly the whole night. I am exceedingly astonished, Mr. Editor, of such misdoings in the heart of the metropolis of India, where civilization and reformation take their sources for expansion. Is there no one

to reprimand the evils of these myrmidons? If so, who is to be blamed and held responsible for the life of the neighbouring inhabitants? Several gentlemen of the quarter spoke to them of their frivolous deed, but they rejoined by showing only their thumbs.

Meanwhile, complains the writer, the chowkidars "stand like *sakeegopal*" and do nothing. The close of the passage quoted above reminds us of the rebuke addressed by the little Mookerjee to the "Cyclopean English Sailor," in the famous *Memoir*, whereby his "savage heart was moved." It is sad to think that the result of the remonstrance against the "frivolous" conduct of the *chamars* was so different.

Although, perhaps, not strictly speaking, an instance of magniloquence of style, the following scientific (?) monograph on locusts sent some years ago by the tehsildar of Tinnevelly to the Madras authorities, is too delightful a production to be "let die." There are two kinds of locusts, he says, in his neighbourhood:

One kind looks green, looks as parrots, has four legs besides a stretcher (capable of being folded on each side), has long nose with two horns paddle-like, disproportionately long, hops about, has wings. The other kind (grass-hopper perhaps) is of flat nose, unlike the former, has variegated colours, is spotted in the wing, cannot fly for more than a couple of yards, hops about. I guess the first kind 2 per cent.

CHAPTER II.

POETRY.

THERE are some enterprising Natives—happily their number is at present comparatively few—who have ventured to make excursions into the field of English verse.* Their productions in this line may generally be divided into two categories: the wildly magniloquent, and the painfully prosaic. Of the former class the following sonnet, which was published four or five years ago in a Native newspaper, is a fair specimen:—

WAR.

O dreaded Molock, daubed with human gore!
Wild woeful yells and groans, thy trumpet loud,
Famine and Pest, Rapine and Chaos hoar
With ceaseless care attend thy stalking proud;
Widows and orphans are thy brothers sad
That smell with shatter'd thrones and troubl'd kings,
Whole sea of blood can't cool thy nature mad,
While Satan grim a horrid war-note sings;
Not only massive forts and mighty domes
Fall flat before thy sweeping vandal rage,
Minerva's towers with countless precious tomes,
With thee alas! a fruitless warfare wage;
O hell-bred War! Ambition's deity dear,
Avaunt from me and from this world so fair.

* In a few cases by no means unsuccessfully. Witness the Dutt family and its most gifted scion, the late Miss Toru Dutt.

Here—if the words are "wild and whirling" and if widows apparently change their sex and then become odorous of strange things—the lines are at least metrical, and the rhymes are fairly correct. But in the class of poetic effusions to which we now come, the attempts at rhyme are often more novel than exact, while the laws of rhythm are usually cast to the winds. Many of these productions are poems composed by loyal Natives in honour of some great occasion or distinguished personage. Such is "A Welcome to his Excellency the Right Hon'ble Edward Robert Lytton Bulwer, Viceroy and Governor-General of India, for the Imperial Durbar" by the Head Clerk of a Sadr Post Office and author of an Urdu Moral Book. It commences thus:—

Welcome to our Viceroy Lord,
Baron Lytton of Hertford;
For holding "ROYAL GRAND DURBAR,"
Calling Chiefs from near and far;
Proclaiming Victoria
The "EMPRESS OF INDIA"
In Delhi, Capital of Ind,
Seat of many an old King,
Next year's first month's first week-day
Eighteen seventy-seven say;

—and so on for eight lines more, including the aspiration that "This fav'r of Her Majesty's

may increase our dignities," the last six words being all printed in small capitals.

Nor did the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, on their first landing in Bombay, escape poetic recognition. A Parsee gentleman, "in the spirit of loyalty," as he tells us, composed and sent to a Bombay daily paper what he calls "India's Welcome to their Royal Highnesses," a poem of six stanzas. Here is the third :—

> Who will not long to see our Empress' third son
> As Major-General of Meerut Division?
> May his career be crowned with all success
> Over the dales, mountains, and fortress.

—with reference to which we may be allowed to hope that the idea of the Prince's careering over the dales and mountains, not to say the fortresses, of India, is merely a poetic flight of the author's and intended to be strictly metaphorical. When the royal vessel approaches, the writer's enthusiasm breaks forth on this wise :—

> Lo! there it is in sight, the steamer's first sail;
> So let us shout, congratulate, cheer, and hail;
> God bless the Empress and long may she reign,
> Is the last chorus of the persons thronged in chain.

The poet is not contented with appending his name and the date to his verses in the ordinary

way, like the irrepressible Mr. Sam Weller who insisted on signing his valentine with the "verse"—"your love-sick Pickwick," our author pleasantly winds up as follows :—

> And as this verse's editor
> I remain, gentlemen and Dear Sir,
> As loyal subject and sincere,
> Chinoy, Jehangir Ardesir.
> Bombay, 20th November, Eighteen Eighty-three :
> Here is the conclusion, and I am free.

The lucubrations of the well-known "Chittagong poet" are perhaps the most strangely unique instances of a style at once magniloquent and prosaic. But his verses are often so hopelessly incoherent that any amusement that might arise from the writer's wonderful diction is lost in the bewildering cloud of his rambling, inconsequential style. He seems to be afflicted with a sort of *rabies scribendi*, and goes on stringing his words together equally careless of grammar, rhyme, punctuation, syntax, metre, meaning, or even orthography. Take, for instance, the following passage from his "Genial Anecdote," the latest (we believe) of his poetic effusions :—

> The high gusty wind and nocturnal fury,
> Had unprecedented interruption over scenery :

Noisome loud noise of showery thunder,
Highest pitch of clangour of leafy oleanders,
Deadened the sound of Royal steps,
Naturally called all to sweet sleeps,
Miraculous views of night operation,
The female sepoys had none in imagination :
None a body had these idea a slight,
Would be excited intensely monarchial delight,
None a soul preconceived a conspiracy,
Would boldly establish, with impodency
Where none a bird ever dared even to alight
Was impossible to think of, committed at night.

This nightmare of a poem is replete with similar passages ; and it becomes a matter of curious conjecture what method the writer pursued in the manufacture of his extraordinary verses. He seems to have gone on the principle of first making a heterogeneous collection of words and phrases extracted piecemeal from various English authors, and then fitting them together as best he might, adding a sprinkling of choice expressions from Roget's *Thesaurus* or some similar book. How else could he have put together a stanza like this from a "Song under native tunes and dances"?—

The dadalian deep dalliance,
Sooner subdued sombre silence,
Succeeded concupiscence well a day,
There a ballet helter skilter,

Had a vice-versa encounter,
There a laughter proved philter in vis-a-vis play,
Life is not lasting it is lost, let be it lost yet we may not lose.

The "Emperor" is thus described:—

Emperor was tall, strong, and sinewy,
With stronger muscle and tendon
His mental agitation was billowy
As his sinister motive declared myrmidon.

The "Royal fracas," which forms the mysterious subject of the poem, apparently ended happily, for—

Female organ of speech is known a powerful,
Made the Royalty evidently calm and cool,
The sweet style of woman tale in the ear of amorato,
Deliciously falls and drives pernicious incogneto,
Stunning the affectionate heart by statue faces,
Which confronting him alone upon foot races,
While kissing factitiously and it heated frantic lover,
Whatever fault if committed all were over.

The Imperial spouse seems, however, to have suffered a good deal in the process, if we may trust her description of what happened.

I had been up the best part of the night,
He thumped of fist and destroyed light,
And plucked my hairs in pursuit hot
* * * *
And gasping with high breath and natural function,
My head went round and eyes were blood shot,

My hair in hideous fringe covered my face.

* * * *

I was chocked by sobs and tears of eye
While hauled me out crually fy fy fy.

This wonderful pamphlet of verse closes with the "Author's Regret." He seems, poor man, to be in sad case :—

I sit in door sullen and gloomy in disquietude
Object can no one divine with failing solicitude,
I look high wall when spire reached the sunray
I pass sleepless night and the disagreeable day
All the scene of injustice going speedily on,
Methinks, it is a mysterious heavenly fun ;
I am unsheltered by father and mother's tenderness
Can't help I am supposed as if left in wilderness.

The author, "a Retired Medical Officer on pension," complains of his orphan condition ; he should, we think, remember that we, his readers, are, as Mr. Mark Twain would say, poor unprotected orphans too.

We will close our poetical examples with some extracts from a wonderful poem written ten years ago, off Dover, by another Parsee gentleman, in retrospect of his visit to England. The lines commence thus :—

Farewell ! Fare-thee-well, O Green old Isles,
As I depart from thy productive and sacred soil,
Let me cast on thee my last looks of smiles
Before recommencing my career of worldly toil.

On the Map of the World thou art a little spot,
But thy greatness was visible wherever I trot.
Thy Nation seems possessed of unfathomed wealth,
And thy charming climate invigorates its health.

* * * * *

Through Streets and Parks, wherever one may ride,
The Statues of Wellington, and Nelson, and others proclaim thy Pride,

* * * * *

The sight of thy Gardens and Museums so well arranged
Evoke from Foreigners the expression—How Strange!

After glancing at England's railway trains which "roll on" both underground and over "iron and stone constructed bridges;" at her Majestic "Flag," her "hardy sailors," and her soldiers that "swarm like bees," the writer passes on to the Scottish Highlands where, he tells us, "games and pastures of all sorts are to be found," and where "silvery streams roll down at all the hours." He continues :—

And with them they bring down the golden sands
For thy peasant to enrich his parched-up lands.
In August and September its glorious weather
Brings out in full luxuriance the Scottish heather.
Were one to wish an increase of weight by several pounds
H'as only to enjoy there a fortnight's morning and evening rounds.
On thy happy land people of all country and race
Find in thy sons' hospitality, urbanity and grace.
In June, 1874, they received me with open arms,
And put me amidst all the pleasures and charms.

At the beginning of this quotation the writer seems to have had in his mind's eye Heber's "sunny fountains" that "roll down their golden sands," but even the imaginative bishop does not attribute any fertilising qualities to his sands, however golden.

CHAPTER III.

PHRASES AND QUOTATIONS; SLANG.

THE keen appetite of the ordinary Native writer of English for interlarding or, as he thinks, embellishing his periods with misplaced or misquoted idioms and phrases, forced allusions, tags of quotation, and such bits of Latin, perhaps, or French as he has picked up second-hand, is, as has been already remarked, closely allied to his fondness for fine writing generally. It is the delight of the Oriental in a patch-work of gaudy colours and a cheap profusion of finery for his holiday decorations, carried into the domain of literature; in his diction, as at his festivals, he is apt to mistake gairishness for splendour, tinsel for ornament.

Thus, a Hindu writer, in a work of considerable merit, speaking of the rival charms of the women of various Indian districts, says:—"The dress and costume of the Khottanees certainly

kick the beam in their favour."* The phrase—perhaps a relic of the writer's study of the Paradise Lost—had to be used, and so, *coute qui coute*, it is dragged in here. Later on in his book he tells us how ill the Bengalis who happened to be serving or trading in the Upper Provinces fared in the time of the Mutiny. Proscribed by the inhabitants, "the out-of-door Bengalees had been at their wits' end how to *fly off in a tangent* to their homes." Now, however, with the old order of things restored, many Bengalees, he says, are to be found in the up-country districts. "*Turning the tables*, they are now seen to *give themselves high airs*, and to lord it over the crest-fallen and cowed-down Hindoostanees, whom you see to go along the roads like so many *knights of the rueful countenance*. Those who purposed have mightily succeeded 'to *establish a great funk*.'" It will be noticed that in the case of two of the phrases italicised, the correct expression even is not given. According to the same author (and herein he certainly shows his discernment)

* The italics, in all the quotations (except where statement is made to the contrary), are ours.

dawking "soon turns out to be a sore method of locomotion." His own mournful experiences were on this wise :—"The horse at the third stage was a most stubborn animal. He was brought out and harnessed, but an attempt to start him made him rear violently, and to stand straight on his hind legs. Our companions had a better luck, and scampered off past by us, hallooing and hurrahing in a John Gilpin style,—while, left at a dead stand, we had to cry out for the Mazeppa of Byron." Again, in the course of a passage in the same work describing the horrors of famine, this sentence occurs :—"Then do men cast cannibal looks, and *fall foul of* each other," where the phrase used is ludicrously inappropriate. It is even more so in the following sentence which occurs a few pages further on, where the author tells us how he halted, in his journey, at a magnificent tope, and pictures for us the "motley crew" that had already gathered at the shady resting-place. "The hungry chap," he remarks, "who had *dropped in* first of all, *was measuring his length* upon the earth, and enjoying his *siesta* with his head upon the baggage for safe custody." Fancy

"dropping in" to a mango tope, and then deliberately "measuring your length upon the earth" as a preliminary to a *siesta*. Our author, again, has evidently read Gray's poems and knows about his "Theban Eagle,"

> Sailing with supreme dominion
> Through the azure deep of air,

for does he not tell us of the houses at Benares, which are mostly six or seven stories high, that "this *dominionizing in the air* is certainly for being pinched for space below?" Here the vernacular familiarity of the latter part of the sentence is in odd juxtaposition with the lofty imagery of the former—a point well illustrated further by the following passage from a Native student's essay: "Themistocles suspected that he had been poisoned and died *smelling a rat*"(!).

A letter from a Native, which appeared some years ago in one of the Calcutta newspapers, will afford us examples under this head, and it is in other respects also somewhat of a literary curiosity.

The letter complains of the high-handed conduct of the police in the writer's district, who, it appears, negligently arrested one Gungadhur

Sircar by mistake for one Gungadhur Ghose, the name mentioned in the warrant. "You may fancy," says the writer, "the horror of this poor man at the sudden appearance of these Pluto's horror-striking messengers, while he was not guilty in any shape." The poor man "was quite thunderstruck and frightened as a half burnt cow by the red clouds in the sky." However, he manages to get rid of the "myrmidons" for the time being by sending a *salaam* to the head Baboo with a message that "he (Gungadhur Sircar) after washing himself is following up their rear." But such a dilatory course of action was far from pleasing the "assistant chiefs," who "got furious as fire by oil, and sent some eight or nine haughty and turbulent myrmidons" to arrest the supposed culprit forthwith. The picture of their proceedings is a striking one :—

> They came in their full dress, with beards curled and with liveries cleansed on their shoulders, and immediately took poor and unfortunate Gungadhur out of the zenana, *at not a second cast of the eyelid*, away in their infernal destination without a single hand to rescue him from his emergency, while he was eagerly gazing for the same with brimful tears in his eyes, like a stag at the mercy of a hunter, sometimes towards the co-lodgers, and at other times towards the land, and sometimes again towards his lodge !

But there is no rescue, the lookers-on being "in a manner petrified at this frightful conduct of the police," and fearful of sharing his fate. Taken into the "infernal region" (presumably the interior of the police thannah), he is there threatened and beaten by one of the officers, his "malice-bearer."

Notwithstanding the incessant threatenings and assaults, he asked the chief *Avinasa*, 'what heinous and unmentionable crime have I committed under the sun, that I am thus ill-treated like a malefactor?' He said, '*Sala*, your crime needs no description—a murderer, a dacoity, a villain, a rogue, and a plague you are of this place.' What is all this to a good-natured man? *Echo answers what?*

To end the story, the unlucky Gungadhur is released on bail "from the custody of the infernal region by the good rites of his forefathers," and afterwards, the writer tells us, "came to ours and showed me the marks of oppression in the moustache, in both the cheeks and on the back, which all got swollen up." Our correspondent could not, he says, "suppress tears at the loud cries the unfortunate man was giving out while he was showing me the several marks."

The Biblical phrase "crying in the wilderness," like the Shaksperian "there's the rub," is a very favourite one with native writers. A petition, for instance, to a late High Court Judge

from a Bengali who "forwards himself for a post," concludes with the touching appeal:—"Your petitioner is bold enough to intrude your valuable time with the above few lines with the hope that you will not leave your petitioner's *cry in the wilderness*, and pine away amidst the pangs of misery and starvation." Sometimes the phrase is varied, as in the following extract from a letter addressed, some years ago, by certain "students" to the Principal of one of our Colleges:—

> How happy had we been had we such professors as Mr. L——, our soul, though a foreigner, and as the learned and dutiful Mr. P——, the object of every one's veneration. Sir! B—— B—— will be a great benefactor to his country if he applied for a pension. Lastly though our pen speaks our hearts, our tongue will never, from the fear of what must befal us if our cries be *cries to the woods*.

Another Native student, desirous of possessing one of his correspondent's publications, winds up his letter requesting "your honour to send a copy of the book to such a poor boy like me" with the words—"Ask and it shall be given unto you; seek, and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you—Luke xi, 9," and applies his Biblical quotation to the case in hand by the further remark—"and I am praying to God always to get an affirmative reply from you"(!)

Quite recently, as the newspapers tell us, "all the Baboos, Sind and Pishin Railway," sent the following telegram from Nari Gorge to a distinguished officer of the Royal Engineers in the Railway Department:—"All Railway Baboos assembled. To stay here is instantaneous death. *What can Baboo give in exchange for his soul?* In anticipation of sanction, we all leave to-night." And they all went.

Or take the following letter, addressed, many years since, to a University Registrar, which at the same time well illustrates the strange views held by not a few of our Native students as to the possibility of their being credited with passing an examination on other grounds than those of merit.

To the Sympathising Heart of Mr. S——.

Sir,—I believe you can recognise me. Providence knows only why I seem to trouble your peace.

It is therefore my sincere prayer that you may be instrumental in shedding some light upon the cold and callus heart that prompts all these lines. I am one of the university-stricken students.

I am pushed back so many times. I have fallen in melancholy with thought of my future soul. This attempt is fourth chance. I know not what will be decided. My case is peculiar.

I have some indeed peculiarity. I have some peculiar heavy pains. I have told some of them to Mr. F—— and M——. We live in a society and world where so many wants are felt. Some are obliged to gain their living by unfair means. Shall I be one of them? Token of discontent meets us at every turn. Helpless creatures we are. Such a mean I am that I have become impatient for fame instead of thanking God. (Byron). The present century is very critical one. Let me confirm my faith on religion by upholding my case. God knows only my affliction. *My heart knows its own bitterness.* Pray do not be cruel. Take my case in your kind consideration. I hope you are well. I remain most obediently and university-striken,

B—— P—— C——.

P.S.—I may be absent from you, but your noble figure shall not be impaired from my memory. God be very with you. May he prolong your days in peace and comfort. I herewith send 1 stamp, fearing that you may forget to favor me with your fatherly advice. I know you can spare 1,000 stamps for nothing. Pray do not find fault with it.

Your's obediently,

B. P. C.

The English poets, as we have seen, in somewhat strange fashion, are not unfrequently pressed into the service when a phrase is wanted. A Hindu writer, from whom we have already quoted, commenting on the eagerness of the Bengali for a handle to his name, remarks :—"As a ripe man of vivid ambition and lofty aspiration, he necessarily hankers after and is

all agog to dash through thick and thin for these new honors and decorations."* A babu clerk in one of our merchant's offices, on being found fault with by his master, ingeniously replied :— "Sir, *to err is human, to forgive divine.*" This gentleman had evidently not read Pope's *Essay on Criticism* for nothing.

This fondness on the part of the Native for introducing English phrases and idioms into his compositions, not unfrequently leads to the employment of slang expressions. Thus we find a Hindu author, after pointing out the degraded attributes of the modern Shiva, remarking that "Shivaism may have had a purer origin in the beginning, as some choose to think. But it has certainly *gone the whole hog* to come to the bosoms of men." In the University examination papers of candidates also slang expressions are beginning to crop up pretty frequentiy. One student, treating of Jewish history, informs us that on one occasion "the

* This author curiously misuses the word *outwit*. In the bantering encounter that took place at a Hindu marriage between the women and a young bridegroom of his acquaintance, he represents the latter as "*outwitting* all the females present."

Jews received a severe *thrashing*;" while another facetiously announces the sudden disappearance of his hero by stating that "the man *made himself scarce* immediately." A third comments somewhat disrespectfully upon Belshazzar's conduct with the remark, "so careless this *devil of a king* was," and goes on to tell us that "he (Belshazzar) always indulged himself to drinking and *high jinks*." Another, dwelling on the ill fortune of the Athenians, says they "were *awfully* unsuccessful in this war;" and a B. A. candidate, in a prose version of the story of Appius and Virginia from Macaulay's Lay, describes how, "as the man caught hold of her, poor Virginia was *awfully* embarrassed and raised a hue and cry" (1).

Some years ago, an Anglo-Indian journal had some remarks on the capacity of the intelligent Native for acquiring English slang, and gave the following instance:—A lady in Simla, happening to be indebted to the native gentleman in charge of a neighbouring Post Office to the amount of nine rupees, remitted to him a currency note for ten rupees. In due course the balance was returned by her messenger

with the following laconic epistle: "Honored Madam,—By this chap I send one dib."*

In a wonderful drama, entitled *Lord Likely*, written by a Madras schoolmaster, and published in 1876, the following passage with its "ivories" curiously illustrates this part of our subject. The persons of the scene are Lady Homely, the sister of a "retired Indian Governor," and Sir Dreadful Dash, "an Algerian Colonel," who, after lamenting his unsuccessful pursuit of another woman, suddenly, and with no apparent reason, tells Lady H. that he "has long eaten into himself for love of her." The lady is naturally indignant, and does not scruple to show it after a very emphatic fashion:—

Lady Homely. O faith! O honesty! (*rising to go.*)

Sir Dreadful. Nay, Madam, this is not charity. (*Stands up and grasps her hands together with his.*)

Lady Homely. Alas! Sir Dreadful, to what would you drive me! (*Hits a severe blow at his mouth; his ivories fall down.*)

Sir Dreadful. (*Picking up his ivories.*) Madam, that those gentle hands should have dealt such a blow!—these tiny things

* With the strikingly homespun style of this letter may be well contrasted the superb language of another, written by a babu, who was unable to cash a bill at the bank, to his employer: "Honored Sir,—I have the honor to represent that I am the recipient of disbursements in the negative."(!)

that sparkle on the ground, like the stars of heaven, were once part of a mighty beast, which these now powerless hands shot down like a rabbit; and I ween, had I missed the mark and got the brute's tusks right at my face, I wouldn't have felt it half so much—(*feels his mouth*). Ha! in mortal frames such power doth wrath inspire!*

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* We have given the latter part of this quotation (besides that containing the "ivories") as an additional illustration of the Native fondness for stilted language, in which this "drama" abounds. Here are a few more specimens:—"'Tis money that, like Jupiter's bolt, sucks up many a fume from ill-reputed life and gives to bastards a new birth."—"Woman's heart, as the world would often say, is like a honeyed bloom; and true, the bee that primus gets thereat has the best sweets of love."—"Till now none so sad and gloomy! * * * But now, to smile and sing and paint the glad heart on the beaming tapestry of the face, there shall not be my match in Britain."

CHAPTER IV.

DEPENDENCE OF CHARACTER.

THERE is another trait which is especially conspicuous in Native compositions, namely, a spirit of complaisance, an over-eager desire to please, which, like the fondness for fine language, seems to be an essential characteristic of the Oriental temperament. Everyone who has lived in India knows the kind of reply that an Indian peasant will give to the most ordinary query—a reply almost unrivalled in its mingled caution and servility. For, in answering your inquiries, he has two objects in view—to treat you with the utmost respect, and at the same time not to commit himself in any way. Thus the question and answer will proceed somewhat after this fashion :—

Sahib.—Who are you ?

Peasant.—I'm myself, so please your honor.

Sahib.—What's your name ?

Peasant.—According to your lordship's desire.

Sahib.—Is it likely to rain ?

Peasant.—God knows.

Sahib.—Where does this road lead?

Peasant.—Whither your honor commands.

There is a passage in M. Renan's "Recollections of my Youth" which so admirably delineates this over-complaisant attitude of the Hindu, and especially of the Bengali, mind, that we cannot forbear quoting it here. M. Renan is describing his own character in that vein of playful sarcasm which he is so fond of indulging. In talking and in letter-writing, as opposed to his books (in which he has been "outspoken to a degree"), he tells us he is at times singularly weak.

"I say to people just what I think is likely to please them. * * * With an inveterate habit of being over polite, * * * I am too anxious to detect what the person I am talking with would like said to him. My attention, when I am conversing with any one, is engrossed in trying to guess at his ideas, and, from excess of deference, to anticipate him in the expression of them. This is based upon the supposition that very few men are so far unconcerned as to their own ideas as not to be annoyed when one differs from them."

We in India are so used to this over-complaisance and the dependence of character that accompanies it—what we may call the *ma-bap* habit of mind—that we think little of it; and

the everlasting "with due respect and humble submission," with which letters from Natives asking a favour almost invariably commence, strikes us as nothing extraordinary, nay perhaps as even appropriate. But, in fact, this Native characteristic is not one that we can afford to contemplate with indifference, much less with satisfaction; and that (apart from general moral considerations) for two main reasons: in the first place, because it is liable to be feigned or exaggerated from interested motives, till expressions of humility and subservience come to be looked upon as mere unreal formulas; and in the second place, because it inevitably leads, under the influence of an education that leaves the moral feelings untouched, to a revulsion to the opposite extreme. There is no insolence more intolerable than that which is begotten of the reaction from servility.

This dependence of character finds various modes of expression. Sometimes it is shown in a timidity such as that displayed by the fellow-villagers of our friend Gungadhur Sircar above, who "could not give vent to their sorrow lest they also share the same fate" with un-

lucky Gungadhur, and "kept silence." It would have been an innate reverence for the law and not a fear of "sharing the same fate" that would have (possibly) kept "brutal Anglo-Saxon" villagers from mobbing the police under similar circumstances.

About ten years ago a Eurasian youth was stabbed by a Native in some brawl in one of the squares of Calcutta. The occurrence seems to have roused bad blood in the neighbourhood, and a Bengali gentleman writes to the newspaper as follows :—

TO THE EDITOR &c.

Sir,—Yesterday evening at about 6 P.M. a European youth, being stabbed by a Hindoo (as rumor told me) was lying out of breath at the site of the west fence of Wellington reservior. I with one of my friends returning home from our respective duties, passed the tumult where the corpse was : and when we reached the middle of the reservior a young gentleman of the East Indian extraction came suddenly over me and hurled me down with a push : whereupon some of the by-standers laughed at me but not to him. The haughty youth after passing 5 or 6 yards—returned, and saying "you black niggard and scoundrels of the dust," joked at me, stroke a blow to my friend—unmercifully and without any cause whatever. I for humanity's sake begged his pardon if we had offended him in any way. But the reward of this my gentle behavior is a slap on my head and some abominable curses. And had I uttered a single word more, he would have undoubtedly given me some good blows with his fist.

The letter goes on to show how this "haughty East Indian" went so far as to emulate the Emperor Nero, and "loudly expressed his ardent desire to make one neck of all Hindoos of the universe, and he to strike a single blow, thereby to extirpate the whole nation at all." "In conclusion," says the writer, "I with my friend heartily forgive the haughty Christian, for the sake of brotherly love"—an admirable sentiment, but one that hardly seems to meet the necessities of the case.

But, in this instance, we have the inoffensive Oriental pitted with, apparently, a very blustering youth of semi-European stock; and the result of the encounter is the less to be wondered at. Let us now take a letter written by a Native student to the Principal of an Indian College, complaining of an occurrence in which the dispute lay between himself and one of his Native fellow-students.

To the Principal, —— College.

Honoured Sir,

I beg most humbly to inform you that last evening I saw some boys in the Gymnasium trying a common feat in an unusual way, which might have brought much injury to them, whereof I told to some of my friends, not directly pointing to

any one, that that sort of play is strictly prohibited in the *Manual Exercise*, and hence it came to pass that a young daring fellow came forward and cried rashly, "You don't know anything," and pointing to a little baby he continued, "this boy can teach you for several years." Moreover he challenged to me directly which as a student I did not accept. Meanwhile our teacher came and disparsed us. Now as the stripling was firy out of temper sought every quarrel by cracking thousands of taunts on my poor's self, and these I did pocket up and remained stone-quiet, but to my great surprise at the very gate of the Gymnasium he came upon me with blows and satisfied his brutal virulence with severe blows.

Afterwards came to know him as one K—— C—— M—— of the 8th year class. I am very sorry to mention this mishap, but cannot help otherwise than by bringing it to your notice, for another such outrage is sure to endanger my very bones. I hope your kindness will never lack in taking proper care of a dutiful student of your's from such ruffians.

I have the honour to be,
SIR,
Yours most obedient pupil,
D—— N—— D——.

Dated, the 17th July 1874. Student, C. S. Class. one year.

Far be it from us, of course, to advocate the "punching" of heads or other such drastic measures in cases like these. The sufferers, in both instances, acted, no doubt, in strict accordance with law and regulation; but none the less do they afford us examples of that timid dependence of character and absence of what

the bluff English mind would call wholesome self-assertion, of which we are treating at present.

Natives have a great and perhaps not unnatural dread of Cholera, a terror from which the educated classes are by no means exempt, and which to the less emotional Englishman often seems excessive. The letters received by College authorities from their Native pupils in time of an epidemic of this disease are often quite pathetic. Here is one:—

To the Principal of the D —— College.

Sir,

Cholera, raging in the town, just frightens us to the core of our heart. We cannot work at all. The idea of meeting with untimely death reigns uppermost in us and prevents us from thinking of other things.

The only relief to this imaginary uneasiness is, we suppose, to live at home. The thought of premature decease of many a friend at D —— our guardians refer to and state it as a cause for not working hard and even staying here at D——.

Under these circumstances we crave the mercy of your exempting us from the annual examination at hand.

We are,

Yours most obediently,

25th October 1875. The Students of the 3rd year.

Another newspaper letter, with a Native signature, parts of which we quote, is a good example of the refraining from any interference

for fear of the possible unpleasant consequences,—of the shrinking from all self-assertion, to which we have referred. The writer complains of the cruelty to animals "which the merciless drivers of carts and carriages indulge in so wretchedly." "Yesterday," he continues,—

I saw a young *Jehu* of a 2nd class carriage beating a poor mare in the yoke (quite powerful) by a piece of wood so cruelly that the unhappy creature being unable to withstand the severe shock of the beats fell down to the ground in a deadly swoon. All the passers by, as is natural, *stood motionless* at this horrific tragedy, and stared towards the pitiless Jehu in the face.

The writer went off to the police station to get the man arrested, where he "spoke the matter to a corpulent Baboo, a head constable, it might be." But—

He, instead of being alert, began to shift out means to evade, and at last gave me this, taunting as it stands, reply, 'that let the horse die or live; no matter; the owner will buy a new one!' Now, Mr. Editor, see how unwarrantably impertinent must this reply after all be; he was quite deserving a box in the face for it: but as a public servant *I couldn't dare to speak to him any thing big*, and so left the station in a perfect disgust.

As a consequence of this Native dependence of character, the Indian Government cannot help being "paternal," its Hindu subjects being quite determined to look upon it as their patron, their *maa-bap*. The following letter, the naivety

of which is amusing, is an admirable example of this leaning of the Native upon Government and of his belief in the omnipotence of the *Sircar*:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ——.

SIR,—This morning an office Babu, resident of Konenaughur, told me that he had a narrow escape from a "shark-bite," and that a young man of 18, bathing with him side by side in the Ganges, felt some prickling sensation in one of his arms, and a minute after he found he was *minus* of that arm. The youth, having the presence of mind, ran away to the adjacent dispensary, and God knows what had become of him. During the mid-day another man came into my office, who was an eye-witness of another man of Ootturparrah loosing one of his entire lower extremities from the same source. He was senseless when taken out of water. *Unless Government take peremptory measures to kill such fearful and destructive animals*, many such incidents will result.

B. L. B.

If such is the temperament prevailing among the educated and English-speaking classes of the Indian community, what must be that of the great mass of the Indian peoples with their old and long traditions of unresisting submission to authority—a nation who have been "all their life-time subject to bondage," whether under Native or alien rule?

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CHAPTER V.

Petitions and Appeals.

This *ma-bap* attitude of mind is one that is capable of very considerable illustration, so wide spread is it in its extent, and so varied in its phases.

Truer than Napoleon's well-known sneer against his English neighbours is the remark which describes the Bengalis of the middle class as a "nation of clerks," and it is curious to observe how (as in the instance about to be given) "drudgery at the desk's dead wood"—a servitude so abhorrent to poor Charles Lamb—makes up, for them, almost the whole idea included under the term *work*. Thus to the writer whose words are quoted below "toiling and moiling" means simply office employment, unless haply he refers, under that phrase, to his exertions in composing and despatching his letter (!)—which runs as follows:—

To ———, Esq.,
High Court.

Honored Sir,

After having endured a long list of losses, crosses, and mishaps, arising from providential dispensation which no mortal being could forbid, I have hence presumed and made myself bold enough to apply to your honor for providing me with a berth, that doth constantly occur to your honor's disposal. After having maturely considered that without toiling and moiling nothing could be had in this shabby planet of ours, I have determined to serve your honor, please thou gracious to bestow on me the desired boon, and I shall ever afterwards with a sincerity of mind, devote my whole life to pray for thine good health and long life.

The letter concludes with the ejaculation—"May God bless your honor!" The writer apparently substitutes the word *ne* for *et* in his reading of the old Latin motto, *Ora et labora*.

In the same strain, a letter from a *zillah* school-boy to a College professor, quite unknown to him, lies before us, in which the former, after expressing his hope that "the earnest prayer of a poor boy shall be able to move the mind of one so great," goes on to make the following modest request—"If your highness condescend to show favour to so a low one in sending a note with important questions on our text-book and grammar, your petitioner shall be much benefited and obliged."

Letters begging for employment, or even begging letters pure and simple, from University students to the Principals and Professors of their colleges are by no means uncommon, especially in the mofussil. Here, for instance (with an unimportant omission), is one addressed in the form of a petition to one of our European professors :—

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF H—— P—— K——,
3rd Year Class, —— College.

Sheweth,

That he is an object of your philanthropy—nay an really object of your that noble feeling.

He has to study at college one year more, but he has no means. . . . . He is at a loss of what to do. To leave off college is at once revolting to his mind—and really so, for that is surely cutting short of progress. The very idea sickens him; nor does he find any means to make him quiet.

Would this account of his miserable circumstances enkindle your benevolent feeling and make you a little well disposed to him? He has no expedient to have recourse to nor any other *benefactor* to whom to resort. Should you do him any good (which he thinks you may easily) he shall be much obliged to you for life, and heartily pray to God for your welfare.

He is

yours most obedy.,
H—— P—— K——,

In spite, however, of the assurance conveyed above that he had "no other *benefactor*" (the

italics are his own) to whom to resort," our enterprising student, determined to have two strings to his bow, had recourse to another "expedient" and wrote on the same day a letter to his College Principal, parts of which may be quoted :—

To ———, Esq., M.A.,
Principal of the —— College.

Sir,

Poor as I am, I can hardly afford to pay the college-fee. My father, an old man, is quite unable to work :—so the whole charge of our family is solely dependent on, and is but barely supported by my elder brother's toil. In short our family-circumstances are too unfavourable to provide for me even a farthing. Nay I have to aid my brother now and then. To add to our misfortunes, I failed to win any stipend, because of various causes, which would flavour a bit of pedantry to set forth.

* * * * * * *

Placed as I am under these adverse circumstances, and pressed by fresh misfortunes—misfortunes chiefly from want of money, I have no alternative but to apply to you, and so to invoke your generous feeling. Would you kindly take up my case, and take pains to relieve me from these difficulties? Should you ever be so well disposed to me as to offer me any private tutorship of a pretty good sum (not a drudgery), I would be much obliged to you, and should ever be thankful to you. For, elsewise, I do not see any means to continue my study at College one year more—which is indispensably necessary for me.

I remain,
Sir,
Your most obedient pupil,
H —— P —— K ——,
3rd Year Class.

We may note, in the above, the appearance of the cloven hoof in the expression "not a drudgery," with which the writer qualifies his request for employment.

Dislike for any work of a physical nature, as not only too laborious, but also as below the dignity of any but the purely artisan classes, is a frequent characteristic of these petitionary letter-writers. They cannot dig, and to beg they are *not* ashamed. Take, for instance, the following epistle sent by a former student, who had obtained a post in the Survey Department, to the Principal of his College :—.

Kaligunge, in the District of the 24-Pergunnas.
23rd February 1875.

SIR,

Pardon me for remaining so silent after my safe arrival at Kaligunge, where I am suffering very much both of body and mind and three of food, fuel, and lodgings. Though I and others are living very agreeably in concert and harmony with one another, and indeed, though I do not feel the pangs of passing days, yet I rest assured that I am doomed to haunt over wild and uncultivated tracts, the frequent abodes of fox, jackals, and serpents. This is not all, nor is this all, I am also made to belt or survey some such lands as the *coolies* of my country go with spades and baskets over their shoulders to clear off drains or nullahs barefooted, in order to work upon clay, waters, and jungles. I have therefore, my good sir, made up my mind to have recourse to my mother land just at the close of the present

month, which, though it does not afford the best opportunity for drawing out the pay of this month, yet I will be compelled to leave it alone to the care of the Survey Superintendent for the same purpose. I am not well here, suffering under some kind of nauseous disease, that is the produce of the salty quarters, where I am both inhaling and drinking such air and waters. I hope, therefore, that you will be so good and kind enough as to stand for me the very patron as you are from the days heretofore, and bless me with any employment which your generosity can afford.

I am,
Sir,
Your most obedient pupil,
M —— N—— S——.

Again, another letter written by another native student, after leaving College, to the same Principal, commences thus :—"Honored and Beloved Sir,—With feelings of sincere and everlasting gratitude, and highest respect and adoration, I am sending these lines to your honor." The writer then expresses his regret that his immediate departure after passing the Law Examination "obstructed my everlong hearty desire to visit your high and noble honor." "But," he continues, "ever since leaving college I regard your honor as my guardian and parent with everlasting gratitude and veneration." The writer next proceeds to explain that he is

not earning enough money to live upon by practising in the Courts of Rampore-Beauleah, and "feels very uneasy to remain still a burden to his eldest, lest he is tired to continue in his difficulty of supporting us any more." He accordingly proposes that "your high honor will be pleased to know my qualifications and competency, and offer me a post of Moonsiff-ship by your honor's high recommendations." With a view to which happy consummation, he suggests the following very original plan (the italics throughout are his own):—

Being parentless I look on yourself as my *guardian* and parent and patron. I have determined to make myself, my position, qualifications, competency, and character very well known to you. I therefore intend to join the Civil Service Class, to exercise gymnastics for restoring my energy, spirit, and vigour of *sound Health*, to meet the variety of affairs and works long in the *worldly life*. I will join it in September ensuing, and continue in it till spring season. During this period of five or six months, both for the purpose of covering my expenses and making my qualifications thoroughly known to you, I will humbly request your high honor to engage me with a monthly salary of Rs. 25 only in either of the following offices:—1st, I may be a private tutor of *Bengalee and English* to your children or relatives. I may be a private writer in your private office. And in serving both as *private writer and tutor*, I want only Rs. 25 per month in all. 2nd, I may be a teacher to teach History in the L. A. Classes on a salary of Rs. 25 per month.

But the gem of this production is to be found in the postscript, which runs as follows :—

I will try to write a Biography of the greatness, true nobleness, and generosity of your high honor and eternise your goodness. I humbly pray your gracious honor will be kind to convey my most respectful compliments of gratitude and filial adoration to her Ladyship Mrs. T—— (the Principal's wife). I tender my highest respects to the *honorable madam* as her son and servant. I hope my filial respects and gratitudes will be graciously accepted as the effect of a *real heart* and sincerity ; for my *father* and *mother* have been removed to Heaven from this world by the almighty merciful Father ; and whose kind providence helps the parentless by appointing noble and merciful *patrons good and great*. I am extremely helpless, and my only hope of being useful to my family and *society of men* is resting in your high noble patronage.

The following is another letter in the same strain, addressed to another College Principal by a native youth, who was a perfect stranger to him :—

To ———, Esq.

Honored Sir,

Here is a trouble to this boy that cannot write on paper or explain from their tonuge (tongue) but the whole trouble will be expose from the following condition.

Before I was learning at my country, while my father was but in last month of April of 1874, my father died, then my relation could not give me the fees of school which I learn to the languages.

I therefore beg to stand as a candidate to put me in your school from your honour kindness. God will bless you if you

will nurse to orphan boys who have no father or mother as I am. I shall ever pray for your long life and prosperity.

I have the honour to be,
SIR,
Your most obedient,
R—— L——,

25th *February* 1875. *Goldsmith.*

We may observe in passing, that in this case the selection of the Principal to whom to make his appeal was distinctly unfortunate; for, however excellent as a man, his correspondent happened to be of so thoroughly practical and unsentimental a disposition, that it was impossible for the wildest imagination to picture him as discharging the function of a "nurse to orphan boys."

We have remarked that to beg the natives of the middle class (the class we have mainly in view throughout these papers) are *not* ashamed. They will, in fact, never submit to run the risk of losing anything for want of asking. A useful book or even a few rupees *might* be secured by the expenditure of a little ink and paper and indifferent English; why, then, not make the attempt? It may, of course, end in failure; but, on the other hand, there is always the chance

of success: and so, troubled by no misgivings, our enterprising applicant casts his bread upon the waters, or, in other words, writes his begging letter, in the hope it "may return" in the shape of the desired boon, and that not "after many days."

No one who has published a schoolbook but will recognise the familiar strain of such a letter as the following, selected at random from a sheaf of similar ones received by the author of a popular class-book:—

To ———, Esq.

Honored Sir,

With great respect and humble submission I beg to lay before your honor the following few lines for your kind consideration and order.

That I learn that you have prepared—(here follows the name of the book). I beg to have a copy; but being in bad circumstances am not able to pay the price. May I therefore ask the favor of your giving me a copy gratis. Your high position, vast acquirements, and habitual kindness have encouraged me to throw myself at your honor's mercy and make this application. I further beg to enclose a half anna stamp for your kind reply which is earnestly solicited.

I remain to be,

Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

28th *November* 1882. B—— N—— M——.

Another applicant hopes "to be supplied with a copy" on the ground that he "is of low con-

dition and has hardly enough to live on from day to day." A third remarks that "though the price of the book is not so much, yet to me it is a heavy sum, but to you it is a trifling one," and backs up his petition with a certificate to his "fair progress" from the headmaster of his school, who "will be very glad to hear that his request has been complied with." Another, after expressing a hope that "you will kindly lend your willing ears to my prayers," continues :—

I have been descended from a respectable family, comparatively reduced to poverty, for which I find it hard to meet the expenses of my studies. I was a vernacular scholar ; but I fell into great difficulty, when my scholarship expired. I was compelled to quit school on this account ; but I was able to procure something from some generous people. From time to time I have been asking help from others. * * * You are a great man and your fame has extended throughout the whole of India by your several works. * * * My circumstances do not allow me to purchase a copy of ——————. I should be much obliged if you would be good enough to offer me a copy.

This applicant also, to "make his request stronger," annexes a certificate from his headmaster, who "has no hesitation in recommending him to the liberality of the enlightened public." There is a sort of comic pathos in the sentence with which the letter closes :—"If you wish to

assist this poor fellow you may send it through bearing parcel."

Another petitioner states that he is very poor and has procured one of his required school-books "only by begging two rupees from a gentleman here." "If," he continues, "you will kindly send me a copy of ——— by unpaid book post then I will be grateful to you as long as I shall live."

Sometimes these communications are very curt and businesslike. Take for instance the following :—

SIR,

I beg most respectfully to inform you that I want ——— which you have published. I hope your kindness will not fail to grant my petition.

Yours obediently,
A—— T—— M——.

The following (which must be quoted entire) is an amusing example of this class of letter :—

S———.

14th November, 188—.

SIR,

I had heard long time ago that you have published a pamphelet in English literature of high style but unfortunately on account of poor pocket I could not manage to get one of it. I several times tried to get it but was to vain. I therefore beg to your honor to send me a copy of it for the satisfaction of my desire if possible.

I have an ardent desire to read some modern work by the present author but for the same reason as I have mentioned above I cannot get them.

I pray for it that if you think it appropriate to help me in some of the books I shall remain much oblige for your kindness not because you will give me books only but you will comfort my soul and give my livelihood.

I do not see here any such society from which a man like me furnish any book he likes.

This is a great charity. In England there are many fountains of which many men drink water and quinch their thurst when very thirsty. I know that a man of letter as you are, will never refuse any one such request. I therefore bring forward my proposition for its acceptance. I hope that you being man of letter will certainly help me. I cannot express the sorrow in which I am placed to suffer. I do not wish to trouble you much nor do I wish to take your valueable time but I will say onece more for help. If you do not like to give me the pamphelet on gratice, please send me but one copy only to satisfy my hunger and two or three books on any good subject by the modern writer or I shall be highly obliged not only for a short time but till I exist; if you kindly send me a pamphelet on gratice on its publication, but I assure you that if you do so I will not communicate to others so that other may not trouble you.

I shall pray for your long life and prosperity if you help me.

Yours obediently,
P. D. N——.

I hope, you will reply me.

Yet another applicant writes, not for one of his correspondent's publications, but for pecuniary aid to enable him to go to Calcutta and appear at a University examination. He had

previously received help from different persons "in his going through the school-life," but—

Now I am penniless and find no means to get rid of the surrounding difficulties. I have none in Calcutta or its suburbs to give me food or to procure a room to put my head in. Here also the case is almost the same. I am undone and find no means of relief. Sir, will you be so kind as to let me know at your earliest convenience if you would help me on the present occasion?

This writer, with a perseverance worthy of a better cause, followed up his first application by two more, in the latter of which he states that "some Rs. 5 will be required for the stay at Calcutta on this occasion," and begs to be "blessed with a speedy relief."

There is, it must be allowed, a certain pathos about many of these petitions, which in the large majority of instances are, no doubt, perfectly genuine; and that they sometimes meet with a favourable reception at the hands of generous individuals, unwitting of the consequences, seems to be indicated by their frequency. The fact is, that appeals of this kind are only an outcome of the native yearning for office under Government to which we have already referred, and the young student who once has his foot on the educational ladder, will resort to almost any expedient rather

than lose his hold upon the one great means of mounting to the delights of Civil employment.

The boldness (not to use so harsh a term as presumption) of these applications—their sweet *un*reasonableness—is sometimes quite remarkable. Take, for instance, the following letter sent a few years ago to a College Principal :—

SIR,

As a Bengali Surveying School is now to be established at D—— under your disposal, I wish to take admission therein. I passed the Vernacular Scholarship Examination from H—— School, M——; but could not continue my study for my bad circumstance.

Now I hope that you will admit me in the school and *furnish me with a scholarship too*, that I may be able to continue my study.

I have, &c.,

Nor are these appeals confined to the student class, though for reasons stated above they are doubtless more frequent with them than with others. Newspaper managers, for instance, are by no means free from applications of this kind :—

SIR,

I beg most respectfully to bring to your notice that I am exerting very much for a long time to be a subscriber to your esteemed paper, but owing to my inability to defray the necessary expense, I am unable to attain my heart's desire. However, as you are an avowed friend of the struggling worth, I fervently request your favor of supplying me with a copy free of charge.

Yours, &c.,

H—— M——,

Calcutta, April 28th, No. 9, —— Lane.

A European lady in a mofussil station once received the following letter from a Native to whom she had shown some kindness, but whose idea of gratitude mainly consisted in the sense of favours to come :—

TO THE MRS. ——.

I have the honor to request that you supported me every thing like my mother, when I was in good circumstances. Now I am fallen in very poor and miserable condition. So I hope you will kindly to supply me some rupees into your favourable consideration. As you few month ago sent Rs. to for my good healthy.

I am your most
obedient beloved,
——.

But the following letter—one before which the coolness of the proverbial cucumber must sink into hopeless insignificance—probably touches the highest point yet attained in this line. As (we imagine) almost a unique specimen, we quote it in full, premising that it was addressed, some years back, by a young law student to a late Judge of the Calcutta High Court, to whom he was a perfect stranger :—

HONORABLE SIR,

With due respect and humble submission I beg to bring to your Lordship's notice that I have intended to go to London for the purpose of making myself a barrister-at-law, but I have no

such means or person who will assist me to my cherished hopes. So I ask your Lordship to assist me with a certain amount that will cover my passage and other expenses which will be incurred by me during five years' stay in London.

I shall feel much obliged to your Lordship as long as I will perform the acts of this worldly stage if this my petition be taken into your Lordship's favourable consideration.

A reply is earnestly solicited from your Lordship.

I am, Sir,

Your Lordship's most obedient servant,

G—— P——.

CHAPTER VI.

MORAL PRINCIPLE; SENTIMENTALISM.

IN June of the year 1875 the members of the Philanthropic Society of Dacca presented a petition to Sir Richard Temple, then Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, praying that "steps may be taken to insure the teaching of the elementary principles of morality in the Government schools and colleges of Bengal." The petitioners complain that "certain moral laws cease to command the respect of many educated natives now as they once did," and that "the evils of such a disregard of morality are beginning to be felt in a painful way in native society."

Further, the recent Education Commission recorded in their Report—in all probability, mainly at the instance of the Native members—the double proposal that an attempt should be made to prepare and teach "a moral text-book, based upon the fundamental principles

of natural religion," in all Government and non-Government colleges; and that "a series of lectures on the duties of a man and a citizen" should be delivered, in every session, to each of the college classes.

Here the old difficulty—the strict religious neutrality which the Government of India is constitutionally bound to observe—comes in; while a perfectly vague and colourless text-book would, according to the Government Resolution, probably do but little to remedy the defects or supply the shortcomings of a purely secular education, however imperfect such an education may be regarded.

The question no doubt is one of considerable difficulty; and our reason for referring to it here is to point out that even in the opinion of the best judges among the Natives themselves, the tone of morality of the rising generation of middle-class Indians is unsatisfactory and likely still further to deteriorate.

This, however, is a characteristic which, naturally, is not likely to find much illustration in their writings—the subject with which alone we profess to deal in these papers. Still, a few

examples may be quoted. Thus, there are actually candidates for our University examinations whose standard of right is so low, that they can think that the examiner may be induced to credit them with marks which they have not earned. The following letter in this strain was received by a University Examiner a few years back :—

TO THE HUMANE EXAMINER.

SIR,

Knowing that I shall be plucked in this branch, I am writing an application to show your favor to me. I am a poor man, son of a poor family. But you may say that as I have not worked any single sum how can I show favor towards you. But the reasons. I have passed in the three other days ; and I know not why I cannot work these sums ; perhaps God is on my opposite side or my fortune is bad. If you give me ten marks then that will be sufficient for me. If you do not show me his favor I shall lose my whole year. You see distribute pice to poor which is of great labor, but this is of very petty labor, so give me the above mentioned marks.

From your most obedient servant,

———.

The almost infantine simplicity with which the applicant argues on behalf of the perpetration of a dishonourable action, half disarms our indignation as we read. The writer is, seemingly, quite unconscious that he is doing any-

thing wrong, and discloses the most primitive ignorance of the first principles of moral rectitude.

A letter from another candidate to his examiner lies before us, in which the former explains that though the other days' papers "were very tolerably finished," he "has much doubt in History." "I cannot," he continues, "directly solicit you to show me some favour, as that is a very miserable etiquette (!), but I shall tell you that I shall be out of any danger whatever if you bestow a little of your consideration upon my petition and paper, as I have no doubt in the other days' answers." In a postscript the writer has the assurance to declare that he would "be doubly obliged to you by your kindly informing me of the result of your favour." Here we have a young man of education and attainments, a candidate for the B. A. degree, who is evidently unaware that he is committing any offence against morality or that his application is an insult to the person whom he addresses. For, of course, such an appeal has no meaning unless accompanied by the name and registered number of the examinee.

A third candidate writes to explain that he sat up studying the whole of the preceding night and so did badly in the next day's examination. "I may," he says however, "likely pass if I secure passable marks in English." He then appeals to the kind feelings of the examiner, as being an old pupil of his, and continues: "I should be much obliged if you would be good enough to grace me with so many marks as will enable me to pass the examination, *i.e.*, with 18."

The letter that follows, in spite of its length, shall be quoted in full. We have not the heart to break in upon the tissue of mingled hope and pathos, chastened sorrow and abject despair, touching appeals and descriptions of natural scenery, which make this production a study worthy of the philosopher and the psychologist. It was addressed to a University Registrar, and with the exception that names are suppressed, is given *verbatim et literatim*.

To the Sympathising Heart of Mr. S——.

Sir,

Providence knows why I seem to trouble you with my writing. Please know surely that I write to you only for the consolation of my wounded and afflicted soul. I know not why

my soul naturally directs me to trouble you so often. Should it not, therefore, please you to excuse me at my sincere regret to you. I often congratulate myself with a particular hope from all of you: J—— W——, Mr. F——, Mr. M——, Mr. J—— and Mr. K. P. G——. I know not what they and you shall do for me. I pray unto my God for my premature death wherewith all my grief and affliction shall be gone away for ever. I see I am born to trouble the hearts of some men.

I went to see you when I was at Calcutta; you shall be sorry to hear that I have come to a corner of Bengal, living cut off from my old mother's lap. The name of the place is Cooch Behar, which is 16 days' journey from home. I know not what I should do. Pray comfort my afflicted soul with thy advice.

I am troubled at myself. I went to the Senate-hall to know the subjects of my failure. I saw on a piece of paper that I failed in three subjects. I was sometimes astounded with it and at last came to learn that I am born not to pass. I only thought of my failure in Arithmetic. Gushing tears roll down my cheks. I know not why I have failed in three subjects. Ah!! death why does thou not put end to my life.

My case is peculiar. I am helpless and desperate one. Please do not be stone-blinded. My heart-felt impatience and grief incline me to know the marks in all branches, so that I may understand whether I shall pass in my next attempt, and in other way I may take a proper precaution when I labor. I pray do not see the rules of University. Do not be offended with my writing this. If you take offence and do not favor me then kill me at once. I see that my precious days of youth are going in vain regrets and researches. When I will die. Do you advice me for trying again? Pray advice me with fatherly affection. I have no father.

I have a peculiar hope from you. The place is very near to Himalaya mountain. Divalagir seems to be a cloudy from

hence. I have a mind to see the mountain. I will wait here for your advice and answers. Please console me. I am somewhat well. Trusting this will find you the same.

I remain,

Your most obedient servant and affectionate,

B—— P—— C——.

Another candidate, regardless also of University regulations, writes to his examiner to learn his marks "for his private satisfaction"—information which, he continues, "I humbly hope, your pity will make you give even if charity were to forbid you to do so." According to this writer's code of ethics, apparently, the emotion of charity is subject to the rules of the University, while that of pity is relieved from any such obligation.

We have another letter relating to this part of our subject, portions of which may be quoted, that speak for themselves. It is addressed to a College Principal by an old student of another college, who, though nearly twenty years had elapsed, is "fully confident that no length of time can efface impressions from great minds." By way of reminder, however, the writer relates how these indelible impressions came to be first imprinted:—

When I came down to C—— along with ten other boys in order to compete in a cricket match entitled "C—— against

K——," we were made to stay in the college under your direct superintendence. As long as I stopped at C——, Mrs. T—— (the Principal's wife), whom I looked up to as my mother, used to love me with great tenderness, and fondly to call me "antelope."

Then a series of misfortunes ensued; he and his family were caught in a cyclone on the river, and, "not to tell the tale in all its horrid details, the boat overturned and went down with all the men that were on it," the writer, "by some Providential interference," being "the only person that escaped the watery grave." Thus "reduced to orphanage and destitution, he was at a loss for some time to determine what to do." And now comes the pith of the whole epistle:—

I turned out (he continues) a contractor, and have since the last four years been serving in that capacity under Mr. W——, C. E., Executive Engineer, —— District. Since I have been at this work sufficiently long to think myself competent to it, my prayer is that you will be pleased to recommend me to the above-named gentleman, so that he may give me at the time of calling for tenders and distributing contracts, any one I may apply for.

But our readers will have had enough of a rather unpleasant topic, and we pass on to the last characteristic that we propose to notice here, *viz.*, the sensibility—the susceptibility to emo-

tion—which is so marked a feature of the Indian temperament. This trait, together with that of naivety,* has already been illustrated to some extent in the examples that have been quoted; a few others may find a place here.

Not very long ago the pupils of a school in the neighbourhood of Calcutta held a meeting, at which they presented their retiring Head Master with a farewell address, which ran as follows:—

To ——.

"—— Farewell!
For in that word—that fatal word—however
We promise—hope—believe—there breathes despair."

DEAR SIR,

Our hearts break, our heads become dizzy, our eyes shed tears, when we hear that you are going to leave us. Not that you are going to leave us for a day or two, but that you are going to leave us for ever. A greater misfortune could not befall the school. A teacher so disinterested, so mindful to teach his boys, and so popular, can scarcely be found. Your loss is irrepairable. You are leaving a blank in the staff that

* The following is a remarkable instance of this characteristic:—Upon a lady remarking to her native cow-keeper, as she looked at the domestic cow from her window, that the animal seemed very thin, the man replied that the side of the cow she was looking at was the thin side, but that the creature was quite fat on the other side (!).

can never, never be filled again. You were not only our excellent tutor, but a sympathising parent. When you will be grey with years, the people will call you:—"The Arnold of the East."

* * * * * *

In conclusion, we beg to state that you will be kind enough to keep us in a corner of your spacious mind, for we are loosers, we must have some indulgence.

It is our earnest desire to preserve a portrait of your glorious image in the poor Library of our School.

We are,
Sir,
Your most obedient admirers and pupils
OF THE —— SCHOOL.

To English ears such a strong expression of sentiment on an occasion of this kind, sounds strained and unreal; the reserved northern temperament shrinks from publishing its emotions and leaves them for the most part to be understood. Not so the Indian; if his feelings are temporary, they are intense; and he utters all that he feels, untroubled by any *mauvais honte* in the matter.

The following account of an accident on the Hooghly resulting in the sinking of a boat full of passengers, communicated by a Native to a Calcutta newspaper, forms an excellent example of how the Indian mind loves to gloat over its

sorrows, and seems to take almost an artistic delight in "piling up the agony:"—

In the course of this morning, August 14, by seven, a boat having laden a number of wretched souls over from the other part of the river Hooghly was hastening with all its speediness to reach the Aheereetolah ghat; but on a sudden, the further movement was impeded by being plunged in. This sad accident proceeded from the boat's violently rushing to another. Only two helmsmen out of which rescued themselves from the ever-terrible hands of that cruel monster, leaving the rest to form a mass in bottom. Ah! what a most painful calamity came to meet to those pitiable creatures in the shape of death, to disappear them from the vastly extensive limit of this universe; having totally extinguished the fires of hopes and imaginations to their future career and for which they set out. Ah! in what a fathomless deed of sorrow, will their families and relatives cast themselves upon, when this most heart-piercing news will arrive at. Ah! what a woful scene the walls of their houses will assume when the bitterly agonising weeping will overcome them all.

—and so the writer goes on for six lines more, closing with the remark, "It is most strange, after all, to look upon."

The succeeding extracts are taken from the letter of a Native, an old pupil of the College professor whom he addresses. The writer divides his epistle into seven numbered paragraphs, after the fashion of official correspondence. Here are the fourth and fifth:—

4. That you loved me much like your own child for the two years I had been under your honour, is the idea which led me

to take so much indulgence. I always hoped, am still hoping, and will ever hope for your honour's affection towards me.

5. As for this affection I will be very happy when I will again serve under your honour, so I pray always to the Almighty Father that He will kindly place your honour on a higher Chair in India.

This touching expression of sentiment reminds us of the young village schoolmaster who told the Inspector of Schools of his Circle, at his first interview with him, that "he was determined to win not only his *respect* but his *love*."

The strong emotional nature of the Hindu is, as the letter quoted on pages 72-74 has shown already, frequently exhibited in the state of utter despair into which he falls in consequence of failure in an examination. This feeling is sometimes so strong, that there are instances where unsuccessful candidates have actually committed, or attempted to commit, suicide. The following pathetic letter addressed to his College Principal by an examinee who had failed to pass a University examination, well illustrates the strength or rather violence of feeling that comes into play on these occasions. The youth appears to have actually fainted away in the Examination-hall.

To the Principal of the —— College.

Honored Sir,

I beg most respectfully to bring to your notice that I have been plucked in Mathematics for two or three marks only, and that from what I wrote I had every reason to hope for the pass-mark. I could have answered more questions, but in the afternoon of that fatal day I got fainted, though I know not whether it was from exhaustion, or fear of failure. Never had a failure been the source of so great a distress as mine, since I am the poorest possible boy that ever had access to thee. Had I not been a scholar, I could not have received a college education. Sir, will you be pleased to let me know whether I may be entitled to any scholarship this year if I pass deservedly? As this news shall encourage my only guardian to allow me to continue my study, and set an edge to my industry. I hope you shall kindly let me know it, and oblige.

Yours most obedient,

P—— G—— C——,

2nd Year.

In bringing to a conclusion this light, and by no means exhaustive, sketch of a not unimportant subject, we would disclaim any inclination on our own part to view Native character on its darker side. If its weaknesses and defects rather than its excellencies have formed our topic, the reason is intimately connected with the subject which we have chosen, and which naturally lends itself to such treatment. We believe that for the Indian, with the growth of that self-respect and self-control which will arise from a

larger sense of duty and the better discipline of generous impulses, a vista of honourable improvement is opening in the not distant future; let him only learn in time that State Education is not the one thing needful, and that there are grander hopes and nobler aims than even Self-Government can bestow.

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,
But vaster."

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Shri Brihad Bhartiya Samaj
on 11 March, 2020